



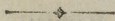
PHILIP FALLS INTO THE POND.

WISHING AND WORKING.



THE WORKSHOP.

p. 31.



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Wishing and Working.

CHAPTER I.

HOW PHILIP ASHLEY WISHED, AND WHAT
CAME OF IT.

‘MOTHER, I wish father would bring plenty of money with him when he comes home again.’

‘Why do you wish that, Philip?’

‘Oh, because it would be so nice to be rich, and I could have such lots of playthings, and eat as much fruit as I liked, and ride about on a pony.’

‘And do you think that would make you contented?’

‘Oh, yes, mother; I have been reading about a young gentleman whose father had plenty of money, and lived in a fine house in a park. How nice it would be!’

‘I rather fear, Philip, that even then you would not leave off wishing.’

‘Yes, mother, that I should; because you know when people have all they want, there is no use in wishing for any thing else.’

‘Quite true, my little boy, there is no need for wishing, as you say; but still people are not easily satisfied; no sooner do they get one thing which they fancy will make them completely happy, than

they find themselves just as far from happiness as they were before, and so they go on wishing and wishing all their lives.'

'Ah, but'—said Philip, hesitatingly, as though he did not well know what to say—'I am quite sure I should stop when I had all I wished for.'

'You think so now, my dear; but you will be wiser, I hope, by-and-by; and now you had better go on with your lesson.'

Philip looked down on the book which he held in his hand, but he could not fix his mind on the task; it was much pleasanter to wish for fruit, and toys, and a pony; and he could not help thinking that his own opinion about wishing was a very much better one than his mother's.

While Philip is thus thoughtlessly wasting his time, I may as well tell you something about him and his parents. His father, Mr. Ashley, was a medical man, and for several years had been surgeon on board a ship that sailed from London to the East Indies, and back. This long voyage took up so many months, that he could only enjoy the pleasure of being with his wife and little boy for a few weeks at a time, about once a year, or not quite so often. Thus it happened that Philip and his mother were left very much to themselves, and at times the thought of the beloved one, so far away on the wide ocean, made them feel melancholy, for they could not help fancying that some danger might

happen to prevent their ever seeing him again. Still one of their greatest pleasures was to talk about him, and to count the months and weeks to the time of his expected return.

Mr. Ashley was not rich ; he had had many difficulties to contend with in life, mostly from want of prudence on his part, and what he now earned was not more than just enough for the wants of his family, and great care was required in order to make their money last from one year's end to another. To avoid the expensiveness of living in London, they had taken a house in the pleasant little town of Oakton, and it was in the back parlour of this house that the conversation which you have just read took place between Philip and his mother.

Mrs. Ashley was what some people call a good sort of woman ; she did not put herself out of the way about trifles, which means that she liked to have as little trouble as possible. She was best satisfied with Philip when he would sit quite still and make no noise ; but if he wanted to ask questions, or to romp, or be very merry, she was too apt to call him troublesome. Yet in some respects she was sensible, and kind-hearted, and loved Philip very much. She would hear him recite his lessons, and taught him to say his prayers ; but in some way her love did not seem to be of the right sort. When Philip did

wrong, she was more often vexed that her son should have demeaned himself, as she said, than grieved at his having forgotten to do what was right.

Having told you thus much about Philip and his father and mother, I may now go on with my story. We left the boy, as you will remember, not very well satisfied with what his mother had said to him, and so he continued to sit for a short time longer, when all at once he jumped up, exclaiming—‘Oh, mother! the goldfinch!’

‘Well, Philip, what of the goldfinch? has the little creature begun to sing yet?’

‘It is not old enough to sing yet,’ answered Philip; ‘but I am afraid it is very hungry. May I go and look, mother?’

‘Yes, you may go; but don’t stay long, or else you will not have learnt your lesson before dinner.’

Philip laid down his book and hastened from the room; and while he is gone, I may tell you that for several months previously, he had been wishing day after day for a goldfinch. He had once seen some boys returning from the country with a cage full of the pretty little creatures, and the sight of them set Philip thinking it would be ‘so nice’ to have one, and from thinking he got to wishing, and as usual, gave his mother no peace until she had bought a goldfinch for him. Before consenting to do so, however, she made Philip promise to be very attentive to the bird,

to feed it and clean out the cage regularly every morning, and he had assured her that he never should forget that duty ; it would be so nice to have a goldfinch.

Well, the goldfinch was bought, and great was Philip's joy when he actually held the cage in his own hands ; he did not know how to leave off admiring the pretty bird with its bright eye, and red, black, and yellow markings, showing so beautifully among its brown plumage. He ran round and round the table on which the cage was placed when first brought home, peeping in on one side and then on the other, and trying to think of a name for the timid little captive. At last he thought that 'Tittie' would be a very good name, and then, as his first burst of pleasure was over, his mother permitted him to carry the cage down to a little summer-house at the end of the garden, where it was to be kept to prevent making a litter in the house, and where Philip was to feed it and clean out the cage punctually every morning.

I think it very likely that nearly all little boys and girls who read this book will remember the pleasure which some new object has afforded them ; for the first few days they scarcely think or talk of any thing else ; but little by little the charm wears off, and the pleasure is lost. So it happened with Philip : it was about three weeks since he had carried the goldfinch to

the summer-house, and during the first half of this period he had been very attentive to the young warbler, and was delighted to hear its pert attempts to chirp ; but about the thirteenth day, instead of visiting Tittie immediately after breakfast as had been his practice, he was drawn to the front window by the sound of a drum and fife, and there the sight of a monkey and some dancing dogs drove the thought of the bird out of his mind for all the rest of the day.

When a habit is once broken, it is not easy to mend it again : the next morning Philip did not remember the goldfinch until near dinner-time, and then all at once he felt a little alarmed and ran down the garden as quickly as possible. Poor Tittie set up a chirp on seeing him for all the water was gone from the glass, nothing but husks was left in the seed-trough, the cage smelt badly from not having been cleaned, and Philip felt quite sorry to see that his little favourite seemed weak and weary. He lost no time in repairing his error, and when he saw how eagerly Tittie dipped its bill into the water and held up its pretty head that the cool drops might trickle down its throat, and how busily it began to crack the seeds in the trough, then he wished that he had not forgotten to feed it the day before, and felt sure he should not forget it again. But somehow or other Philip's wishes did not bear good fruit, they were barren ; just the same as if

a farmer should wish for a field of corn to grow without first taking the pains to sow the seed ; and the consequence was, that although our little boy did think of his goldfinch on the next morning, he forgot entirely after that, and did not remember it again until the day in which we meet with him in this chapter.



As Mrs. Ashley sat at the window, she saw Philip looking very much surprised and alarmed coming towards the house with the cage in his hand. He brought it into the room, and said in a timorous voice — ‘Oh, mother, do tell me what is the matter with my bird : is it asleep ?’

Mrs. Ashley looked into the cage as Philip held it before her, and there she

saw poor Tittie lying on its back on the sand at the bottom, with dim eyes, and its slender little legs stretched stifly upwards. The sight caused her much pain, and she replied ;—‘I fear, Philip, that you have been very neglectful : the pretty goldfinch is dead.’

‘Dead !’ exclaimed Philip, ‘how can it be dead, mother ?’ and while he spoke, it seemed as though a painful sob were choking him in his throat, and all at once he burst into tears. He stood the cage on the floor, and sitting down by the side of it, wept sadly and sorrowfully for nearly half-an-hour.

Philip’s mother felt really grieved at the death of the little bird, and reproached herself for having trusted too much to her son ; for some time she did not speak, hoping that the loss would make the boy more careful in future. At last she said :—‘Come Philip, leave off crying, and I will help you to make a pasteboard coffin to bury poor Tittie in.

Philip got up from the floor and watched his mother as she sewed the pieces of card together ; he shed a few more tears when the once prized bird was shut up inside the little coffin, then taking it in his hand he went down the garden, and after digging a hole in a dry sunshiny corner, he placed it carefully in, and covered it over gently for fear of crushing it. He drew the earth together at the surface, so as to make a small mound shaped like those which cover

graves, and at one end of this he fastened a short stick upright in the ground. Philip next went in-doors, and having asked his mother for a small piece of card, he cut it into the shape of a tombstone, and wrote upon it as an epitaph, POOR TITTIE, A GOLD-FINCH, DIED JUNE, 1837. When the ink was dry, he went once more to the garden and fixed the tombstone, as he called it, in a slit made in the stick placed at the end of the little grave. When this was done he stood looking at it, while the bright warm sunshine lit up the flower-beds and the trees, making all nature look cheerful ; and yet Philip's heart was sad.

'I wish it had not died,' he said, after standing some time in silence.

Ah, Philip, Philip ! if you had fed your bird it would not have died. It is of no use wishing we had not done wrong unless we strive to do right for the future. It is of no use to wish for a thing unless we are willing to strive in the right way to obtain it.

About a week after the death and burial of poor Tittie, Mrs. Ashley had occasion to go to a town a few miles off on some business that would occupy her the whole day, and as she was unable to take Philip with her, he was left at home in charge of the servant. She ~~set~~ out immediately after breakfast, and having to walk about a mile to the cross-road where the stage-coach passed every morning, she took Philip with her for that distance. He knew

the road very well, and could find his way back alone, and as they walked along she cautioned him against delay on his return, and bade him not leave the house afterwards for the rest of the day. Philip promised obedience; the coach came up almost as soon as they reached the cross-road; Mrs. Ashley kissed her little boy, and getting up on one of the hinder seats by the side of the guard, was soon carried out of Philip's sight. He then turned to walk back along the lane to Oakton; it was a pleasant day, the sun shone brightly, and a breeze made music among the leafy branches of the trees that overshadowed the narrow road. At one part of the lane a small stream ran across it, over which the road passed by a bridge. When Philip came to the bridge he stopped to look at the clear running water; it was so bright that he could count all the pebbles at the bottom, and to his great delight he saw hundreds of minnows darting about in all directions. The sight was too great a temptation for Philip, and forgetting his promise to his mother to make haste home, he stood still, watching the movements of the little fishes, and he began to think it would be so nice to carry some of them home and set them swimming in the water-butt.

'I wish I had a fishing-rod,' he said to himself.

Just then he heard his name shouted at a distance, and turning his head hastily

he saw a boy standing on a heap of stones beckoning eagerly to him.

Philip cast one more look at the minnows, and ran off; as he came near to the other boy, he saw that it was Willy Thompson, with whom he used sometimes to play on the green near to his mother's house. 'What do you want, Willy?' asked Philip, as he came up almost out of breath.

'I have been looking for you ever so long,' answered Willy, 'your maid told me I should meet you here in the lane.'

'But why did you call me away from looking at the minnows?' rejoined Philip, in rather a vexed tone.

'Something better than minnows,' said Willy, 'wouldn't you like to go a-fishing with me in the Greenford ponds.'

'That I should,' exclaimed Philip, 'but I have no rod or line.'

'Never mind that,' answered his companion, 'I have got a sixpence, and we can buy rods and lines as we go along.'

Ah, Philip, Philip! have you so soon forgotten your promise, and what happened to poor little Tittie?

Philip did not wish to pass his home lest the servant should see him and call him in, so the two boys went by a backway, and after purchasing two rods with lines and hooks, they set off for the Greenford ponds, about two miles distant.

By the time they arrived, it was the dinner-hour, neither of them had had any thing to eat, and they felt hungry. Once

or twice, too, Philip felt something like a painful flash across his mind that he was doing wrong in thus disobeying his mother's commands ; but then he tried to comfort himself with the thought that he could be home before his mother came back, and the hope that Susan, the servant, would not tell of his undutifulness. So the two boys prepared their tackle, and found some worms in a dung-heap, with which they baited their hooks. The sight of perch and roach swimming about in the pond made them leap for joy, and they believed that very soon some of the beautiful scaly creatures would be safe in their hands. They threw in their lines, but the fish seemed to take no notice, and our young fishermen found that wishing they would bite did not make them bite. They kept on a long time till their patience was well nigh exhausted, when Willy proposed that they should go round to the steep bank on the opposite side, where there appeared to be hundreds of fish. Philip assented, and with some difficulty they climbed up the bank at a place where the water was very deep. A tall fence rose in their rear, behind which they heard the noise of a man digging. Philip took his stand on a small level space, and seeing a large fish at a distance, he leaned forward to throw his bait towards it, when, losing his balance, he fell, with a loud splash, and a cry of affright from Willy, into the deep dark water.

CHAPTER II.

HOW PHILIP WAS NOT DROWNED, AND ABOUT
A LETTER AND A JOURNEY.

GREAT was Willy's terror, you may be sure, as he saw his playmate disappear in the pond, and loud were his cries for assistance. Scarcely, however, had the first alarm been given, than the gardener, who had been working on the other side of the fence, came running out by a narrow door with a pole and rope in his hand, and hastened to the spot where Willy stood in noisy lamentation. Just as the man came up, Philip re-appeared at the surface, throwing his arms about in wild attempts to seize hold of something. He had fallen in close to the bank, so that the gardener had only to stretch out the pole a little way to reach Philip's hand. As soon as the struggling boy felt something that seemed to offer support, he grasped it with such force that you would have thought his fingers would squeeze themselves into the wood.

'That's just it,' said the gardener; 'drowning people are sure to hold on tight enough when they once get a grip.'

'Oh, sir,' sobbed Willy, 'do you think you will be able to get him out?'

'I'll try hard for it, my little man,' was the answer; 'he is not the first boy that

I have been the means of saving in this same place.'

While the gardener spoke, he drew Philip softly to the shore, where the terrified boy could keep his head above water, and recover breath. Then, as the bank was very steep and high, he managed to make Willy hold the upper end of the pole, while he fastened the rope round the stem of a tree that grew near, and holding on by this, he scrambled down to the edge of the water, where he seized Philip by the collar of his jacket, and after some trouble got up to the top again. The gardener seemed to know what to do, for he took the dripping boy up in his arms, and carried him hastily to his cottage a short distance off. Willy's heart grew lighter when he saw his unfortunate companion lifted from the water, although he still felt alarm at his pale and death-like appearance. As they went along, he remembered having heard that persons when saved from drowning should be held up by the heels to let the water run out of them, and he recommended the gardener to try the experiment on Philip.

'All nonsense,' said the blunt but kind-hearted man, 'I know better than that. You run off as hard as you can to Oakton, and ask Dr. Young to come up here directly.'

Willy did not wait to be told twice, for he really loved Philip, and blamed himself

as the cause of the accident, so off he set as fast as his legs would carry him.

The gardener meantime had carried Philip into the house, and having bade his wife hang a blanket to warm in front of the fire, and fill some bottles with hot water, he stripped off the poor boy's wet clothes, and then laying him on a bed, wiped his body quite dry with warm flannels. He was then wrapped up closely in the blanket, with a bottle of hot water placed against the sole of each foot, and one on each side under the arms. The gardener next rubbed Philip's breast gently up and down to bring on warmth, while the wife poured a tea-spoonful or two of weak brandy and water down his throat, and so well did they use the means which they had seen practised on a former occasion, that by the time Dr. Young drove up with Willy in his gig, Philip had opened his eyes and was able to speak. The doctor felt the boy's pulse, and remarked that there was but little left for him to do except to give a few drops of medicine. He commended the gardener and his wife for the pains they had taken, and promised to reward them on a fitting occasion; but the worthy couple replied, that the satisfaction they felt at having saved the life of a fellow-creature was a sufficient recompense.

'What you say, my friends, is quite true,' answered the doctor; 'we ought always to be ready to help one another, not for the

sake of reward, but for the sake of doing good. But I will take care that your humanity shall not be altogether forgotten.'

At the end of an hour, Philip felt almost well ; an additional blanket was then wrapped round him, and over that the doctor's cloak, and thus protected, he was seated in the gig, with Willy on one side of him and the doctor on the other, and so was taken back to Oakton.

On reaching home Philip was put immediately to bed, where after he had taken a little gruel and a few more drops of medicine, he soon fell asleep.

The doctor then drove off to the cross-road in order to meet Mrs. Ashley, and by explaining the circumstances to her, save her from unnecessary alarm. She felt grieved and uneasy on hearing what had taken place in her absence, and could hardly persuade herself that there was no danger, until she saw Philip sleeping quietly in his bed. Then her heart swelled with love and thankfulness, and gratitude towards those who had exerted themselves to save her boy. She stooped to kiss his half-open lips, and a few tears, drops of affection warm from the mother's heart, fell upon the sleeper's face.

There are times when adversity tries us, when sorrow bows us down, and despair darkens our hope ; but if we view such trials aright, they become blessed teachings to warn us of our follies and errors,

and to lead us to One, the only true Guide and Comforter.

It was late when Philip woke the next morning ; on opening his eyes he saw his mother, who had been up many times to look at him, just coming into the room with a basin of warm bread and milk for his breakfast. The sight of her had always been a pleasure to him, but now he felt half afraid to lift his eye to her's, or to speak a light-hearted salutation as he had been accustomed, and so he lay still with downcast look.

‘ Philip, my dear,’ said his mother, sitting on the bed-side, ‘ how do you feel this morning ?’

This was spoken in a tone of so much kindness, that Philip could not help turning his head, and when he saw nothing but love in his mother's eyes, his own filled with tears, and all he could say was — ‘ Oh, mother, can you forgive me ?’

Mrs. Ashley was one of those who thought that children ought to be severely punished to render them obedient, and frequently when vexed, without pausing to reflect, she had made Philip's ears tingle, or his back smart with stripes ; but at times, before he had done crying, she would take him in her arms, kiss him, and promise to give him something nice if he would dry his tears ; and all this, as she thought, out of love for her son. But children very soon find out whether they

are punished justly, or only to gratify a parent's vexation, and as they think it quite right to imitate what their fathers and mothers do, so they learn to quarrel and fight with their playmates and companions whenever they feel irritated. True love shows itself in wise guidance, rather than in fondling or caresses.

On this occasion, however, Mrs. Ashley's feelings had been too deeply moved for her to cherish anger; her prevailing sentiment was heartfelt joy at the safety of her boy, so that when he asked if he could be forgiven, she replied, 'Yes, Philip, I forgive you; but sit up now and eat your breakfast.'

Philip tried to rise; but found when he attempted to move that his back was stiff and painful, and his limbs had a feeling of soreness; he was obliged, therefore, to be propped up with pillows while he ate his bread and milk, and he could not help remembering that his helplessness was the consequence of his own disobedience. Scarcely had he finished eating when the doctor's knock was heard at the door: the good physician had called to see how Philip was going on. It relieved Mrs. Ashley's anxiety to hear that the little patient was suffering from nothing more than a severe cold, which would make it necessary for him to lie in bed for a day or two and take some medicine, after which he would, perhaps, be quite well. Philip did not much like the thought of lying still so long, and losing all his playtime; but there was no help for it.

After prescribing the needful remedies, Dr. Young said to Philip—'Well, my boy, you have reason to

be thankful that the honest gardener was working so near to the pond yesterday.'

'Yes, sir,' answered Philip.

'It was indeed most fortunate,' remarked his mother.

'Let us say more than that,' replied the doctor; 'we may consider it providential that the man who took your son out of the water was one who knew what means to use for his recovery. There are few persons who would have acted so well, and our grateful acknowledgments are due to that Being "whose mercies are over all his works."'

Mrs. Ashley felt the weight of the speaker's words, and remained silent: Philip remembered that he had not once thought of saying his prayers that morning.

The doctor took Philip's hand. 'This has been a sharp lesson for you, my young friend,' he said, 'I trust you will not close your heart against it, but strive for the future to act according to the words of a hymn, which I dare say you have learned:—

'Oh, that it were my chief delight
To do the things I ought!
Then let me try with all my might
To mind what I am taught.'

and now good morning; I shall hope to find you much better to-morrow.'

Philip had indeed learned the hymn which the doctor quoted, but he had never regarded it as any thing else but a lesson; it had never entered into his mind that he was to avoid doing wrong because a hymn told him to do right. If he had ever thought at all about the matter, it was that he had only to do this, or to do that, as his father or mother commanded. But now, as he lay all alone for several hours in his bed-room, he began to understand that if he kept wise instructions in his

mind, he would most likely be enabled to avoid doing wrong when his parents were not by to direct him. This was an important discovery, and the more Philip thought about it, the more he felt that it was true.

At the end of three days Philip was quite well again, and performing his daily duties and exercises. He was taking his first run round the garden, when the pasteboard monument which he had erected in memory of Tittie caught his eye, and made him pause. The death of the goldfinch, and his own fall into the pond, both came before him at once, and made his error appear doubly great, and he felt almost sure that he should never do wrong again.

While he stood looking down on the little grave, the verse which Dr. Young had so seasonably reminded him of came into his mind, and he was saying it over to himself, when he heard some one tapping against the window-pane; he turned round, and saw his mother in the back-parlour, holding up a letter in one hand, and beckoning to him with the other.

‘A letter from father!’ cried Philip, joyfully and away he ran to hear his mother read it.

The news, however, was not at all cheering. Mr. Ashley wrote from St. Helena, to let his wife know that on touching at that port on his homeward voyage, circumstances had required him to exchange into another ship, and go back to Calcutta, and therefore he would be deprived of the pleasure of seeing her and his dear boy for nearly another year. This was a great disappointment: Mrs. Ashley was expecting the arrival of her husband in the course of a few weeks, and now her hopes must give place to the anxieties of waiting, and long-continued separation. Notwithstanding the

regrets at absence expressed in the letter, the kind words and loving encouragements, and the kisses which were to be given to Philip, both the boy and his mother felt very sad.

There was another letter lying on the table ; when Philip saw it, he said—‘Open that one, mother ; perhaps it’s another from father, to tell us he is coming home after all.’

‘No, it is not his writing,’ answered Mrs. Ashley, as she broke the seal, looking first at the post-mark, and then at the signature ; presently she spoke :—‘Well, what a surprise ! it is from your aunt Davies at Eastham.’

Philip had often heard of his aunt, but had never seen her : she had married a respectable mechanic some years before, and thereby incurred the displeasure of the rest of her relatives, who considered that she lowered herself by so doing. But although the husband of her choice was only in a small way of business at that time, he had since prospered, and now he was as much looked up to as any tradesman in Eastham. The sisters, however, had not once met since the marriage.

When Mrs. Ashley had finished reading the letter, she sat silent for a time, as though a struggle were going on in her mind. At last she said, half speaking to herself, ‘Well, I hardly know if I can venture to go.’

‘To Eastham, mother, to see aunt ?’ asked Philip, eagerly.

‘Yes, Philip, your father is not coming home, as we hoped : perhaps a change would do us both good.’

‘When shall we go, mother ? Ah, it will be so nice.’

It was then Friday : Mrs. Ashley considered for a minute or two, and said she thought they

might be ready to set off on the following Monday week.

‘How I wish Monday week were come,’ cried Philip, impatiently; but no sooner had he spoken the words, than he remembered his unfortunate wishes concerning the goldfinch and the fishing-rod. Then the verse about ‘chief delight’ came into his mind again, and he wished he had shown more patience: seeing his mother looking at him half-reprovingly, he said—‘No, mother, I don’t wish the day was come; I can wait.’

In this Philip acted wisely, he began to show that he had some knowledge of what self-control meant. We must hope that he always showed himself equally teachable.

While the preparations for the journey were going on, Philip had a hundred questions to ask concerning the relatives whom he was about to visit. He thought he should be afraid at first to speak to his uncle—what sort of a man was he? did his aunt love little boys, and how old were his cousins? It was a sore trial to his patience that his curiosity could not be immediately gratified, but as he attended to his lessons and other duties pretty faithfully, the time did not seem so very long after all.

One day in the middle of the following week, Dr. Young called to inform Mrs. Ashley that he had written an account of the gardener’s praiseworthy conduct in having saved two children at different times from drowning, to the Royal Humane Society in London, who had sent down a favourable answer. ‘And here it is,’ continued the doctor, while he opened a small box, and showed a bright silver medal.

Philip pressed forward to look as his mother took the box: the medal was a very handsome one, with

some words engraved upon it, stating that it was given to JAMES PATERSON, for his prompt obedience to the call of duty, and instrumentality in saving the lives of two of his fellow-creatures.

‘It struck me,’ said the doctor again, ‘that perhaps you would like to accompany me to Greenford, and see the medal presented to the worthy man?’

It was with a feeling of self-reproach that Mrs. Ashley remembered she had not yet gone over herself to thank the gardener, and she at once accepted the kind proposal.

The doctor promised to call with his gig early in the evening, and drive Philip and his mother over: he was punctual to his appointment, and in due time they came in sight of the pond. Philip turned a little pale when he again saw the spot where he had such a narrow escape of drowning. When the gig stopped, Mrs. Ashley lost no time in thanking the gardener and his wife for all their kind attentions to her dear boy; then the doctor produced the medal, and placed it in Paterson’s hand, with a few words of commendation and encouragement, exhorting him still to persevere in the path of duty. The gardener said that he had never once thought of reward; it was a pleasure to him and his wife to see Philip quite well, but still he felt an honest pride in the honour conferred upon him.

This proved a gratifying visit for the whole party; and as they rode homeward, Philip felt how foolish had been his wish about Monday week coming all at once. But the anticipated day came at last; bags and boxes were packed and soon Philip and his mother were really on the coach, which, drawn by four fast horses, rolled swiftly over the pleasant country, and a little before tea-time they arrived at their destination.

CHAPTER III.

HOW PHILIP SAW HIS UNCLE, AUNT, AND
COUSINS, AND LEARNED MORE AT EAST-
HAM THAN HE EVER KNEW BEFORE.

THE coach rattled into Eastham, and stopped at a house in Market Street, over the door of which Philip read the name 'DAVIES,' and underneath '*Turning in all its Branches.*' In the window he saw numbers of wooden bowls, nine-pins, vases, and handles of all sorts, but he could not stay to look at them then, for his mother had already descended the ladder, and the guard called to him to make haste and come down also. Before he reached the pavement he felt himself lifted up by a pair of strong arms, and carried in-doors; while a voice said in his ear—'Well, my little man, I am very glad to see you.'

Philip turned his head, and when he saw a pair of merry twinkling eyes looking at him, and felt a hearty kiss upon his cheek, he no longer thought of being afraid to speak.—'Are you uncle Davies?' he asked.

'Yes, my fine fellow, I am uncle Davies; and see, here are your cousins.'

As Mr. Davies spoke he stood Philip on the floor at the back of the shop, where he found himself face to face with his cousins; there were four of them, two boys and two girls, all looking so clean and so happy, that he believed he should like them very well. He felt a little shy and turned rather red, although he tried to hold up his head and appear as if he were not afraid, while the two youngest cousins looked bashful, one thrust

a finger into her mouth, and the other rubbed the corner of his eye with his little fist. Mr. Davies was somewhat amused at these childish embarrassments ; presently he said, as he pointed to the party one after another, beginning at the eldest—‘ Now, Philip, my boy, remember :—this is Charley ; this one, Annie ; this one, Lucy ; and that little rogue there is Edward, or Eddy as he calls himself. Go children, all of you, and give your cousin a kiss.’

So Philip had to receive four very friendly kisses one after another ; meanwhile Mrs. Ashley had gone into the sitting-room behind the shop, a female came hastily forwards as she entered, and there the long-separated sisters met. As Philip’s mother looked into the beaming eyes before her and saw the once familiar features lit up with tenderness and affection, she remembered the time when, years gone by, she and her little sister had lain in the same bed, their arms twined round each other’s neck, trustfully and lovingly as nestlings under their parents’ wing ; and now, while a few tears of deep joy fell from her cheek, she locked her sister in a similar embrace, and back into her heart came the innocent and confiding love of their early childhood.

It was not long after this that all the party were comfortably seated round the tea-table ; and what a pleasant repast they had. Philip loved his aunt the moment he saw her, she looked so happy, so good-humoured, so ready to love every body, that he could not help loving her in return. It seemed that Mr. Davies thought Philip must be very hungry and thirsty after his ride, so often did he tell Charley to hand the seed-cake to his cousin, and remind Annie to pour out another cup of milk. The shyness soon wore off, and the chil-

dren began to talk as though they had been acquainted for a few months instead of a few minutes. Charley was about ten years old, and now and then made such sensible remarks as surprised Philip, who thought that only men or women were able to talk in that style, and made him fancy that perhaps his cousin would be above playing with him, who was not so old by a year and a half.

In the course of the meal, Mr. Davies said to Mrs. Ashley—‘ You are come just in time, sister, for to-morrow we take one of our holiday walks.’

‘ Yes, and mother has made a pie and such a large cake,’ broke in little Lucy, silyly

‘ Ah you tell-tale,’ retorted Charley, ‘ could you not wait a little ?’

‘ Which place shall we go to, father,’ asked Annie, ‘ Langley park or Newtown ?’

‘ To Langley,’ replied her father, ‘ and if all be well, we shall visit Newtown in autumn, when the russets are ripe.’

‘ I hope cousin Philip wont have gone away before then,’ said Charley.

‘ And I hope so too,’ rejoined Annie.

‘ And I,’ cried Lucy.

‘ And I,’ chimed in the little rogue Eddy, with his lively voice.

Philip being an only child, had often felt lonely for want of companions, and now when he heard all these good wishes on his account, something seemed to warm his heart and fill him full of quiet pleasure ; and how bright his looks were as he turned his eyes from one face to another all round the room !

‘ That is right, children,’ said Mr. Davies, ‘ we ought always to be ready to promote the pleasure and welfare of others. But now, Charley, I dare

say your cousin would like to see what you have to show him.'

Up jumped the children at these words, and the two elder ones taking Philip by the hand, led him into the yard behind the house. There was no end of sights to be seen, some of which, to Philip's unaccustomed eye, appeared very wonderful. On one side under a sloping pent-house was a saw-pit, which his cousins assured him was a capital place to play in, especially when there was a large heap of sawdust at the bottom, for then they used to tread it down hard, and scoop out grottos, and tunnels, and bridges, or build pyramids. Sometimes, too, they played at keeping grocer's shop, and made believe to sell the sawdust as tea, or sugar, or coffee, just as it suited them. Philip thought this would be good sport, and said—'I wish you would play at grocer now.'

'Wouldn't it be better to wait till another day,' answered Charley, 'and see all round the place first?'

Whether Philip thought so or not, he did not repeat his wish, but followed his cousin, who led the way into the workshop, where the sight of new wonders made him soon forget the saw-pit. Three or four men were busy: some at the lathes turning boxes or table-legs, which whirled round as swift as the wind, while they moved the treadle up and down with their feet. At first Philip was a little bewildered by the noise and the sight of the shavings and chips flying off from the workmen's tools; but in a little time he did not mind it, and great was his astonishment at seeing how quickly boxes were made, the man seemed hardly to have touched the wood with his chisel before the box was complete, and Philip could scarcely believe his own eyes, when he saw that one could

be made in a minute—a box in a minute: how was it possible?

At one end of the large workshop was a smaller one, in which were two lathes and some benches; one of the lathes was a low one, just high enough for a boy to work at, and this, Charley said was his.

‘Can you make boxes, too?’ asked Philip.

‘Yes, but not such good ones as father makes.’

‘I wish I could make some,’ replied Philip.

‘Do you?’ answered Charley, ‘I’ll shew you how: we can begin to-morrow morning.’

‘Ah, but I wish I knew how without the trouble of learning.’

‘Oh, Philip, what’s the use of wishing that? It’s no good wishing for what you can’t have, especially if you don’t want to try.’

All at once the thought of some of his former wishes came into Philip’s mind, and so he remained silent. Can any of you, my young readers, tell why he was silent? I dare say you can if you try.

The two boys then left the workshop, and went into another part of the yard, between piles of logs of wood, and stacks of boards, all to be used up some day by the turners and other workmen. Then there were drying-lofts and store-rooms, and so many ins and outs among the buildings, that Philip said it would be the best place in the country for a game at hide-and-seek.

‘Yes,’ said Charley, ‘it’s the best place I know of for play and work too, as you will find out if you stay here long enough.’

Beyond the yard was a garden which the boys next visited, and after looking at the little plots that Charley pointed out as his, and Annie’s, and Lucy’s,—Eddy was too young to have one—they went back to the house. Now, Philip had to go up stairs and see Charley’s books; they were neatly

ranged on some hanging shelves which he had himself made ; besides other things. Presently Annie came running in to show a little chest of drawers, and Lucy brought a table, and Eddy a battledore and shuttlecock, all of which were also Charley's workmanship.

The children were busily talking when a voice was heard at the door : it said, ' bed-time for the little ones.' Lucy and Eddy recognized their mother's voice, and having said good-night to their brother, sister, and cousin, they made haste out of the room. Philip thought it was a pity to break up a little party when talking so pleasantly, and he asked—' Do they never wish to stay up longer ?'

' Oh, yes,' answered Annie, we all wish that sometimes ; but then mother knows best, and so we go off as soon as she bids.'

Philip remembered that he used to tease his mother nearly every night, by wishing to sit up late. We shall see whether his visit to Eastham will make him wiser.

The children went down stairs and took their seats quietly in the sitting-room ; the shop was now closed, and business over for the day. The Bible was lying on the table, Charley read a psalm at his father's bidding, after which it was bed-time for him and Annie. Mrs Ashley went up stairs at the same time with Philip, to a snug little room in which he was to sleep.

' Oh, mother,' said the little boy, as soon as they were alone, ' you can't think how clever Charley is, he seems to know every thing ; and he is so good-natured.'

' I am glad to hear you say so, my dear, no doubt you will come to love him very much.'

' Why, mother,' continued Philip, ' he can talk about plants and flowers, and steam-engines, and

the moon and stars, and when I asked him he told me that he read about such things in books as well as saying lessons. Is it true, mother, that we can learn things by just reading ?

‘ Yes, my child, if we read with a wish to learn and improve.’

‘ I wish I knew as much as Charley does,’ said Philip, ‘ he makes so many pretty things, mother, all with his own tools ; I could not help wishing for them, and what do you think he said then ?’

‘ Perhaps he offered to give you some ?’

‘ So he did, mother, but he spoke something—I almost forget—ah, yes, he said it was a proverb :—

Waste time not in wishing,
But labour and strive ;
To wish without working
Makes nobody thrive.’

‘ And a very wise proverb it is, I hope you wont forget it. Now kneel down my child and say your prayers.’

Presently Philip was left alone, his little head as it lay on the pillow full of new thoughts and schemes ; his heart full of love for his new friends, and while thinking about them he fell asleep.

Mrs. Ashley’s head and heart were also busy, and when she retired for the night, she could not help deploring the long estrangement which had prevented intercourse with a sister, whom she now found abounding in love and generous qualities. No longer did she consider it a disgrace to be connected with a brother-in-law so correct in manners and well-informed as Mr. Davies, although he began life as a working-man. She began to perceive that respectability depends more on character than on trade or profession.

A spark of true love dwells in every breast ; but too often, instead of permitting it to shine forth, we

conceal and stifle it beneath vain pride and foolish prejudice, thereby working sorrow to ourselves and to others,

The next afternoon the whole party went to Langley park as had been planned : the children and the provisions were carried in the light spring-cart which Mr. Davies used in his business, and when they reached the green lanes, some of them would get out and walk a little, while their mother or aunt rode. It was a real pleasure to witness the orderly conduct of the young brothers and sisters, which shewed how wisely and carefully they had been trained. Where indeed can loving care or attention be so well bestowed as on children ? The reward is great : the young ones are saved from much bitterness of strife, and the hearts of parents are invigorated by ever-flowing affection.

As they went along, the elder children sought about under the hedges and on the grassy banks for curious plants and wild-flowers. Philip had often done the same in his walks with his mother when at home at Oakton, but never as it seemed with so much pleasure as now. For Charley could tell him the names of a good many, or point out something remarkable about them, and if he could not explain, there was always his father at hand, to give information. In this way Philip learned that a little red flower which he had frequently seen growing on the road-side, was called the scarlet pimpernel, or the poor man's weather-glass, because it closes its bright leaves when rain is coming on, and is never open after twelve o'clock in any weather. Then another little plant with yellow blossoms looking like butterflies, was bird's-foot trefoil ; and next, the pretty creeper, with its delicate pink and white flowers, named convolvulus, but which Philip knew was also called bind-weed.

Presently they came to the innocent-looking flax adorned with white flowers, and the children were reminded by their father of another kind of flax plant which was very useful, and from which is made the beautiful white linen now worn so much in most parts of the world. Philip heard too, that nettles, which he thought were only made to sting people, were also very useful ; some of the roots yield a yellow colour for dyers, the juice poured on lint is employed by surgeons to stop bleeding from the nose or from wounds, and the stalks are prepared and twisted into coarse strong ropes. It would take up too much space to tell you all that Philip learned during that afternoon ; and when he heard Annie recite a gladsome poem about the uses of flowers, which ended with the cheering declaration that they are created—

‘ To comfort man, to whisper hope
Whene’er his faith is dim :
For who so careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him.’

when Philip heard this he felt, although he could not express it in words, that pleasure is sweetest when it informs and interests the mind while exercising the body.

After strolling in this agreeable way for about five miles, they came to Langley, and pitched their camp, as Charley merrily said, in a grassy dell in one corner of the park. Here the turf was so green and smooth that it looked almost like velvet, and near the bottom of the slope a cool spring bubbled up so brightly that you could not help being tempted to drink, and after a draught from that delicious basin, you would agree that water is the best drink in all the world. Now the large pie and cake, which Lucy had told of the day before, were brought out, and the children thought, as they sat on the grass laughing and eating, and

drinking the sparkling water, that dining out of doors was the best way of enjoying a holiday. When they had nearly done, Mr. Davies took another pie from a basket which he had kept standing close to his side ; it was in a small but very deep round dish. As soon as Annie saw it, she said, ' Ah, that's the pie that father was doing something to in the pantry this morning ; I wonder what it is ?'

' It is for Philip,' replied Mr. Davies, casting a sportive look towards his wife ; ' come, my boy, take your fork and begin. It's all for you.'

Philip thought he should prefer sharing it with his cousins, as he attempted to break the crust with a fork ; to his surprise it came off altogether without much trouble, and—out flew a pigeon ! The sudden flapping of its wings made him start back slightly alarmed, but immediately there were such exclamations of wonder and delight, that he could



not help joining in them. The children clapped their hands as the pigeon rose straight upwards, and then flew rapidly away to Eastham. Charley said he had heard of a pie with 'four and twenty blackbirds' in it, but had never seen a live pigeon-pie before, and all of them laughed merrily when Mr. Davies asked Philip how it tasted.

'Father always contrives something of that sort,' said Annie, 'every time we go out. I wonder how he kept the pigeon in?'

An examination took place, from which the children found that besides the holes in the pie-crust, there was one in the bottom of the dish, covered with a little hay, so that the pigeon had plenty of air to breathe, and Mr. Davies had only put the poor bird in just before starting. This discovery amused them all very much, and was a subject of conversation for the rest of the day.



CHAPTER IV.

HOW PHILIP GOT OUT OF A DIFFICULTY,
AND FELL INTO A TEMPTATION, AND GREW
WISE AT LAST.

It was a rule with Mr. and Mrs. Davies to teach their children, as far as their means would permit, all that was desirable for them to know. Charley was one day to be a man of business, so he was occasionally employed, in spare hours, in carrying home parcels, or fetching things for the workshop; the girls too were taught to perform such little household duties as they were capable of, by which means it was hoped they would know how to instruct others when they grew up to be women; for as Mrs. Davies said, unless people have learnt they cannot teach, or know when things are properly attended to.

A few days after the trip to Langley, while at breakfast, Mr. Davies said—‘Charley, there are two little tree-stems over at farmer Pither’s; would you like to take your truck and go and fetch them?’

‘Yes, father, very much indeed. May Philip go with me?’

‘If his mother has no objection he may.’

Mrs. Ashley gave her consent; and as soon as breakfast was over, and the morning’s chapter in the Bible had been read, Charley ran down the yard to fetch his own little truck, and presently came pulling it out at the side gate, where he was joined by Philip, and away the boys went in high spirits.

The nearest way to farmer Pither's was by the path across the fields ; at one place a narrow foot-bridge led over a little stream that separated two farms, but it was quite wide enough for the truck to pass without danger if carefully guided. The boys got safely across, and trotted forwards merrily, sometimes treating one another to a ride. Philip, however, not having been used to work, could only draw Charley for a few yards, while Charley could drag him the whole length of a field. They arrived in due time at farmer Pither's, who showed them the two stems, one honeysuckle and the other apple-tree, and stood by to see how they would manage them.

The stems were not heavy : Charley set Philip to lift one end while he lifted the other, and having laid them on the truck, he bound them fast in their places with a small rope which he had brought with him, and then, with a caution from the farmer not to hurt themselves, they started on the way back.

It was harder work now : they could no longer trot as they had done in coming, but each one was obliged to lay hold of the cross-bar and pull stoutly. Now and then they stopped to rest a little and recover breath ; and while waiting Charley told Philip the names of the trees that could be seen a little distance off ; he knew the difference between ash, elm, oak, beech, and many others, and explained to his cousin the various purposes for which they are used by turners and carpenters. All this was quite new to Philip, and after trying two or three times, he was able to name some of the trees himself. He learned also that the honeysuckle stem which they had on the truck was used for making tool handles, because it bears a hard blow

without splitting, and the apple-tree would be made into bobbins for lace-makers, and was very serviceable for parts of wheels. Thus, working and talking, the boys came to the little bridge, the crossing of which was more difficult now that they had a load on the truck. Charley considered for a moment, and then said it would be best for him to go first, while Philip should push behind and see that the wheels ran straight. So with a strong pull the truck was got upon the bridge: Charley went slowly, with Philip keeping a watchful eye in the rear, but as it happened, the little boy only looked at one wheel, and by the time they were half way across, the other one slipped off the plank, and over went the truck into the ditch. Luckily neither of the boys was hurt, though at first they were somewhat alarmed. Philip was the first to speak: 'Oh, Charley,' he said, 'what shall we do now? I wish the wheel had not slipped off.'

'It's no use wishing that,' replied Charley; 'the wheel wont come up again just to please us.'

'I wish somebody would come by and help us to get it out,' said Philip, again.

'Did you ever hear about the waggoner and Jupiter?' asked his cousin.

'No: what was it?'

'Well, I'll tell you,' said Charley, 'it's in Esop's fables. Once, as a waggoner was driving along a road, one of the wheels sunk into a hole, and stuck so fast that the oxen could not pull it out. The man began to think it was of no use to try, and so he prayed to Jupiter to come and get the wheel out for him; but Jupiter looked down from a cloud and said, "Foolish man, first put your own shoulder to the wheel, and help yourself, before you call upon others."'

‘What a silly man that waggoner was!’ cried Philip, with a laugh.

‘And should not we be just as silly,’ replied Charley, ‘if we stand here wishing that somebody would come by and help us?’

‘I did not think of that,’ Philip answered; but what shall we do?’

Charley thought the best way would be to try and untie the cord, and first release the truck, which lay with its wheels uppermost. He got down, therefore, upon the stems, which made a sort of bridge across the shallow stream, and having succeeded in untying the rope, he fastened it to the cross-bar of the truck, and set Philip to pull, while he, being the stronger, pushed behind. In this way, after a little labour, the truck was drawn up to the top of the bank, and made to stand upon its wheels again. The two stems were hauled out in the same way, and once more made fast to the carriage, and then, as so much time had been lost, the boys did not rest again until they reached home.

Charley told his father of what had happened. When Mr. Davies had satisfied himself that the boys had come off unhurt, he said, ‘Well, I do not think you are to be blamed for an accident which you tried to guard against; but there was one way of avoiding it.’

‘What was that, father?’

‘You might have untied the rope and carried the stems across one at a time, then there would have been no difficulty with the empty truck, and you would soon have loaded it again.’

‘So we could, father,’ answered Charley; ‘I’ll try and think better another time.’

‘I wish we had thought of that way,’ said Philip.

Charley looked at his cousin, as much as to say, have you forgotten the waggoner already? Philip understood him, and wished that he had not spoken his wish.

The next day there was another errand to the country: a handsome vase, turned from the root of a favourite yew-tree, was to be carried to Fairfield House, nearly three miles off on the road to Oakton. The vase was carefully packed in soft paper and green baize, and Mr. Davies was very particular in telling Charley not to set it down or to stop by the way, for fear of injury. The boys started soon after dinner, and very faithfully obeyed instructions, for they walked steadily onwards without a pause, until they got sight of the house, which stood on a rising ground in Fairfield park. Philip remembered having seen it when he came by on the top of the coach, little expecting then that he should ever visit it. The cousins walked up to the building, and gave the vase to a footman who came to the door; he asked them to wait until his mistress had seen it. Mrs. Stevens, the owner of Fairfield, was a widow lady, known for many miles round for deeds of charity and benevolence. She had long been a customer of Mr. Davies', and had taken a liking to Charley, because she found him to be a truthful and well-mannered boy. Most of the books which Philip had seen on the shelves in his cousin's bed-room, were a present from her as a reward for good conduct; it was, therefore, no small pleasure for Charley to go to her house. She had shown him, on one occasion, her library, which contained hundreds of books, and a picture-gallery hung with beautiful paintings, and took pains to explain the meaning of what he did not understand. We may be quite

sure that she would not have been so kind to Charley had he not been a trustworthy boy.

Presently the footman returned, and informed the boys that Mrs. Stevens would speak to them in the garden, where she was then walking. He opened the large glazed doors at the end of the hall, the youths went through and along the gravelled walk, till they met the lady; as soon as she saw them she said, 'Good morning, Charles; you have brought my vase very carefully; there is not a scratch upon it.'

Charley made a respectful bow as he answered, 'I am very glad ma'am, that it came quite safe; father told me how to carry it.'

After asking a few questions about Philip, and making some other remarks, Mrs. Stevens told Charley he might show his cousin all over the garden. Having spoken their thanks, the boys went on towards the flower-beds; and after seeing these they walked among the beautiful shrubs, where Charley next led the way, and along the filbert walk to the fruit-garden. It was a charming and tempting sight, but he touched nothing. He had just turned the corner by some low trees as a curious plant attracted his notice, and he stopped to examine it closely. Philip meanwhile had lingered a little behind, near a small cherry-tree covered with delicious fruit; he stopped to look at it, but he had better have kept on, for while looking he began to wish for some of the cherries. It would be so easy to gather a few; a ladder was standing against the tree, and nobody would see him. With hurried steps the weak-minded boy mounted the ladder, and plucked about thirty of the finest, which he brought down in his cap. He had eaten two or three when he heard Charley calling his name, there was no time

to wait, so he put his cap on his head with the cherries in it, intending to eat them at some other time, and ran to overtake his cousin.

A guilty conscience sees an accuser everywhere: Philip thought that Charley looked at him as though he knew what had taken place. This was the first consequence of wrong-doing.

There was now little more to be seen ; the boys walked back to the house, stopping by the way to look at the gold and silver fish swimming about in the fountain, the sight of which made Philip half forget the cherries. Going on again, they saw Mrs. Stevens waiting for them ; when they came up she gave each of them a small book about birds and wild-flowers, and said a few words on the pleasures of reading. While she talked, Philip felt his cap a little uncomfortable, and quite forgetting what was in it, took it off, when at once all the cherries fell out on the ground. What an



exposure! the little boy stood shrinking with shame, while Charley scarcely knowing what he said, exclaimed, 'Oh, Philip, what have you done?' then taking his cousin by the hand, he looked up in Mrs. Stevens's face and said, 'I don't think, ma'am, that he meant to do wrong.'

'We will hope so,' answered the lady kindly, 'it was a sudden temptation to which he hastily yielded. It is well for you, my little boy,' she continued, addressing Philip, 'that the discovery is made. Perhaps if this had not been found out, you might be tempted to do wrong again, and who can foresee the consequences?'

Philip could not speak, but tears of shame fell fast from his eyes to the ground.

'I trust Philip,' the lady said again, 'that you weep from real sorrow at having done wrong, not merely because you are found out?'

The weeping boy remained silent: Charley still held his hand, almost ready to shed tears also:— 'If you will only forgive him this once, ma'am,' he said, 'I think he will know better another time.'

'I can easily pardon the error,' answered Mrs. Stevens, 'but I am truly grieved that a little boy should so readily have forgotten that we are commanded not to steal, and to do unto others as we would wish others to do unto us.'

When Philip heard this, he felt shocked: he had not thought that gathering a few cherries was stealing, he only considered that they would taste so nice, and he knew very well that a person who steals is called a thief, and he would not like to be called a thief for all the world.

Mrs. Stevens added a few words of kind advice to the now repentant boy, and begged him to remember that the wish to do wrong, is sometimes as bad as

doing the wrong: if we wish to avoid doing ill, we must strive to think aright.

Many thoughts were in Philip's mind as he walked home with his cousin: a grateful feeling towards Charley for speaking in his behalf—surprise that Mrs. Stevens had not been angry—and a tender sentiment when he remembered that she had seemed grieved: besides which he felt mortified and inclined to despise himself. 'Nobody will love me any more, Charley,' he said in a sorrowful voice.

'Yes they will, Philip,' answered Charley, 'because you know you are not obliged to do wrong.'

When the chapter was being read that night as usual, Philip felt that his cousin had been very kind and considerate in not telling any one of what had happened, and yet his mind was not quite at ease. The recollections of wrong-doing pierce like thorns in the conscience. When he went up stairs his aunt said she would go and see him into bed; and as he knelt down, resting his head on her knees to say his evening prayer, she noticed that his voice trembled, and when he came to the words, 'lead us not into temptation,' he burst into tears, and said, 'Oh, aunt, why was I led into temptation to-day?'

Mrs. Davies sat the little boy on her lap, calmed him with soothing words, and questioned him as to the cause of his sorrow. Philip told her how he had stolen the cherries.

'My dear little boy,' she said, 'what was it led you into temptation?'

Philip could not answer.

'It was an evil thought in your own little heart Philip. Do you think that if you had run away when you first saw the tree you would have taken the cherries?'

‘No, aunt.’

‘Well, my dear, when we pray that we may not be led into temptation, we must at the same time strive against giving way to temptation. We must be as willing to help ourselves as we are to ask for help.’

A light broke into Philip's young mind as his aunt spoke, he laid his head on the pillow that night with clearer notions of duty and of right and wrong than he had ever had before. The impression still remained when he woke the next morning, and always afterwards. Trials and sorrows had at last convinced him that doing right does not come by chance, but must be the consequence of effort. A ship must have a rudder to guide it or it will never reach its port ; so men and women and boys and girls must have some fixed principle to keep them in the straight path of duty. Philip was not old enough to reason about these things, but his conscience and his feeling seemed both to warn and encourage him according to the circumstances. But it was only by trying hour after hour, and day after day, that what conscience told him was a duty became a habit—and in this, living in his uncle's family was of the greatest benefit to him. Their example taught him to exert himself, and the morning and evening prayer, and scripture reading, helped daily to remind him, as well as the others, that duty may become a service of love to the Almighty. Mrs. Ashley, too, as she witnessed her sister's kind and quiet, yet firm governance of her family, became gradually impressed with the same spirit, and was well repaid for her struggle against petty irritations, by the loving obedience which Philip now rendered to her instructions and commands.

Such was the effect of thoughtful love, that the boy's duties became his sweetest pleasures.

I should like to relate much more of Philip's history and adventures—how his wishes changed into work—but there is not room. I can only tell you that his mother and he stayed for several months at Eastham, yielding to the request of their kind relations. This lengthened stay proved very beneficial to both of them—at last came a letter from Mr. Ashley, to say that he hoped to be at home once more before many days were over ; and although Philip was rejoiced at the thought of soon seeing his father, he could not leave the happy household at Eastham, in which he had gained so much good, without sorrow. Tears were shed on both sides when the final parting came, while hopes were expressed of soon seeing each other again, and so with glad and grateful recollections of their visit, the mother and son returned to Oakton.

Great was the father's joy to perceive the change that had taken place in those from whom he had been so long parted. Never before had his home-visit been so delightful or so promising of future happiness. For Philip had not forgotten the various trials through which he had passed, and was a most contented and industrious little fellow—time no longer hung heavy on his hands, and so, with such fair prospects we may take leave of him, now that he really proves his knowledge of the important difference between WISHING AND WORKING.